Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Muſicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monſter Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right for marriage ſight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtorie, ſhee
Would euer with *Marina* bee.
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,
That ſtill records with mone, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayſes, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might ſtand p
The ſooner h
Lychorida our
And curſed *D*
The pregnant
Preſt for this b
I doe comme
Onely I carrie
Poſt one the la
Which neuer
Vnleſſe your t
Dioniza does a
With *Leonine*

E

Dion. Thy
tis but a blowe
canſt not doe
thee ſo much
cold, in flamin
nor let pittie w
but be a ſouldie

Leon. I will
Dion. The fi
Here ſhe comes
Thou art reſolu

Leon. I am re

Enter

Mari. No
thy greene wit
Violets, and Ma
graue, while So